

Fermilab Singers Summer Concert

July 31st 2003

Order of Songs:

Fa una Canzone

Il est bel et bon (1534)

My love is like a red, red rose

Nepovim

Vragen (1993)

Choose something like a star (1959)

These Beads (2002)

Daniel, Daniel (1953)

Orazio Vecchi (1550 - 1605)

Pierre Passereau (? - 1547)

Scottish arr. Cashmore, text Robert Burns

Antonin Dvorak (1841 - 1905), Moravian text

Jetse Bremer, text Marcel Beyer

Randall Thompson (1899-1984), text Robert Frost

Clyde Thompson from ``We have spoken''

Undine Moore (1904 - 1988)

The Fermilab Singers is open to all Fermilab staff, users, contractors, spouses and family members. We practice once a week, for about an hour, each wednesday at noon in the auditorium. We aim to sing music of all styles, from all countries, peoples, and times.

Soprano: Jen Adelman-McCarthy, Mary Pat Fisk, Hannah Newfield-Plunkett, Natalia Ratnikova,
Karen Webb Owen

Alto: Coral Christensen, Tamsin Edwards, Cristina Galea, Anne Heavey, Heide Schneider

Tenor: Terry Hart, Mady Newfield, Michiel Sanders

Bass: Kip Bishofberger, Erich Keller, Art Kreymer, Marc Mengel

piano: Brian Yanny,

direction: Stephen Pordes.

President of the Fermilab Singers: Anne Heavey

Fa una Canzone

Fa una canzone senza note nere
Se mai bramasti la mia grazia avere
Falla d'un tono ch'invita al dormire
Dolcemente, dolcemente facendola finire.

Per entro non vi spargere durezza
Che le mie orecchie non vi sono avvezze
Falla d'un tono ch'invita al dormire
Dolcemente, dolcemente facendola finire.

Il est bel et bon

Il est bel et bon, bon, bon.....commère
Il est bel et bon, commère....mon mari
Il estoient deux femmes toutes d'un pays
Disans l'une à l'autre
-avez-vous bon mari?

Il est bel et bon, bon...
Il ne se courouce, ne me bat aussi
Il fait le ménage; il donne aux poulailles,
Et je prens mes plaisirs.

Commère, c'est pour rire
Quand les poulailles crient
co-co-dae... mon ami, qu'est ceci?

Il est bel et bon.....

Make me a song..

*Make me a song without any dark notes
If you would ever wish to have my favor
Make it in a tone that lulls me to sleep
Sweetly, sweetly, making the ending.*

*At the beginning, do not put anything harsh
That's something my ears are not used to.
Make it in a tone that lulls me to sleep
Sweetly, sweetly, making the ending.*

He is fine and kind

*Mother - he is fine and kind..
Mother...he is fine and kind, my husband
two local women were talking,
saying, one to the other,
do you have a good husband?*

*Mother - he is fine and kind.
He doesn't get upset, and he doesn't hit me.
He does the housework, he feeds the chickens
And I... enjoy life.*

*Mother, it makes me laugh
when the chickens cackle
`co-co..., my friend, what's going on?`*

He's so nice and kind

My love is like a red, red rose

My love is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June:
My love is like the melody that's sweetly played in tune.
So fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so deep in love am I:
And I will love thee still, my dear, till all the seas gang dry.

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear, and the rocks melt with the sun
And I will love thee still, my dear, while the sands of life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only love. and fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love, though it were ten thousand mile.

Nepovim (I will not say)

By an ancient fountain, stands a fair young maiden
Tell me, oh, tell me my dearest only darling,
Do you truly love me?

*U studenky stála napájela páva
pov_z mn_, d_vecko, sivá holubi_ko
esli njá má_ráda.*

How can I tell you so, when myself I do not know
Come to me at evening,
Come to me at evening
and then I will answer when I've asked my mother

*A já ti nepovím, nebo sama nevím
p_ijdi k nám dnes ve_er,
p_ijdi k nám dnes ve_er
a_sa mamky zdovím teprv já ti povím*

So I will ride to you on horse of darkest hue
and by your cedar tree, you'll plight your
troth to me.. ah, lovely cedar tree....

*A já kvám p_ijedu na vraném koni_ku
A si ho uvá_u na va_u jedli_ku.. A já kvám
p_ijedu na vraném koni_ku. O bílú stuzi_ku*

Our dearest cedar tree, thrice-blessed and evergreen
thru summer, thru winter thru summer thru winter
evergreen stays our tree...

*Ta na_e jedli_ka p_eblahoslavená
za léta, za zimy, za léta, za zimy,
dycky je zelená, dycky je zelená*

Vragen

'k Wil je vragen wat er fout is gegaan
'k Wil je vragen of het nu echt is gedaan
Wat stel je voor ? Gaan we nog door?
Is er hoop? Ja dat wil ik wel weten
want ik kan niet vergeten dat wij al jaren
tezamen waren en ik van je hield
Is het nu voorbij voorgoed
Ik heb nog zoveel vragen.
Stop het zwijgen - we komen niet verder
en denk eens aan de tijd dat het nog goed was
Noem een reden waarom jij bent veranderd
Wat wil je?...waar stuur je nou op aan?
denk eens aan vroeger hoe verliefd
je ooit eens was
Wat stel je voor? Gaan we nog door
Is er hoop? Ja, dat wil ik wel weten
want ik kan je niet vergeten.
Wat wil je?...waar stuur je nou op aan?
'k Wil je vragen, O nee laat me..niet alleen

Questions

*I want to ask you what went wrong
I want to ask if it's really over
What do you think? Can we go on?
Is there hope? That's what I want to know
I cannot forget that for years we were
together and I was your love.
is it now over, for good?
I still have so many questions
Stop this silence - we are getting nowhere
think about the time when it was still good
Give one reason why you have changed
What do you want?.where are you going?
remember how in love.
you once were.
What is your plan? Will we go on..
Is there any hope? That's what I want to know
because I cannot forget you
What do you want?.where are you going?
I want to ask...don't leave me*

Choose Something Like a Star

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud-
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.

Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to be wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.
Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says, 'I burn.'

But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.
It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.

And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.

These Beads

These beads, these beads are a road between us.

Take hold at one end, I will the other - and hold fast, and hold fast.

I will visit this road every day and brush it clean, and brush it clean.

We shall live as brothers as long as sun and moon shall shine

We have a broad path, broad path to walk; these beads are a road between us.

Should your children and mine meet on this road, they shall shake hands and be friends.

Should our children meet on this road, they shall shake hands and be friends.

If the Indian sleep and the Yankee man come, he pass and do no harm

And if Yankee sleep in path, then the Indian pass, saying Yankee loves to sleep.

We shall live as brothers....

Daniel

Oh the king cried, Oh! Daniel, Daniel,

A-that-a Hebrew, Daniel, Servant of the Lord.

Among the Hebrew nation, one Hebrew Daniel was found,

They put him in a-the lions' den.

He stayed there all night long.

Now the king in his sleep was troubled, and early in the morning he rose
to find God had sent a-his angel down - to lock the lions' jaws.